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VOL. I.

THE PORTRAIT:—A TALE.

ARTFUL and designing men, while they seek to supplant and ruin others, often bring on themselves the mischief designed for innocent individuals.

In one of the most pleasant and fertile of the provinces of Spain, lived don Salvador, a nobleman of considerable fortune, whose sense, candor, and generosity, rendered him admired and esteemed by all who knew him. He had never married, but had taken to reside with him, as his adopted son, a nephew of his, named don Cafamiccio, who was of a disposition not a little different from that of his uncle. He was suspicious, timid, and selfish. Perpetually tormented with the jealousy of being rivalled in his uncle's favor, and thus losing the wealth he expected from him, he became more or less the foe of every person whom don Salvador appeared disposed to treat with attention and regard.

Among the domestics of the family, was a young female, remarkable for her wit and vivacity; and who, by her industry and excellent qualities, had acquired the good-will of all her fellow-servants, and even the notice and praise of her master, don Salvador. His commendation soon awakened the jealousy of Cafamiccio, who immediately endeavored, by every art and falsehood, to prejudice his uncle against the innocent Rosella, who, he feared, might acquire a too great portion of his esteem. In these attempts he was sometimes not a little disconcerted by the inquiry, if any was made, into his false suggestions, terminating in favour of the person accused; for his address was by no means equal to his suspicious malignity.

Don Salvador, however, perceiving how much his nephew appeared to be prejudiced against a girl, one day, when don Cafamiccio had been again suggesting, by insinuation, some new charge against her, sent for her, in his presence.

"Rosella, I cannot say that I have myself perceived any thing in you deserving blame:—whenever I made inquiry into any of your supposed faults or errors, I have found the insinuations founded in mistake. It appears to me necessary, for the quiet of myself and family, that you should leave me. You shall go; but you may rely on my recommendation and support wherever you go."

The poor girl was confounded. She loudly and honestly lamented being compelled to leave so good a master, in consequence of the meanest jealousies.

"Yes (exclaimed she, at length); my dear deceased mother, you told me the truth—you told me I had been deserted by my father, and must prepare myself for misfortune and disap-

pointment. I have repeatedly experienced the truth of your words. I treasure your instructions in my heart, as I do your image in my bosom."

She here drew forth a miniature picture from her bosom, and kissed it with ardor. Don Salvador was much affected by her manner, and advanced towards her. He looked on the picture, and recognised it to be the portrait of one with whom, in his youth, he had formed the tenderest of connections while in Mexico; who had brought him a daughter, and from whom he had been abruptly separated, by being obliged to return to Europe, without being able again to discover her. On further inquiry, he was convinced that Rosella was his daughter. He made her the mistress of his house; and his nephew thus lost his favor and his fortune, through the mean arts by which he endeavored to preserve them.

Painting disagreeable in Women.

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tail of the Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matters of wonder, on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexion, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand chimeric; yet at the same time, I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round on the olive hue again on Thursday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people whom no body knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames might learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters,

while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain at home.—There I think they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this rapid complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another time it was blotted with patches, and at present it is crusted over with plaister of Paris. In these battered Belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed, so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion, as I do at Hudson's; and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my charms are engrossed by the wood and canvas.

[CONNOISSEUR.]

REMARKABLE ACCOUNT of the HIGHLAND ROBBERS.

THERE is scarcely an instance of any country having made so sudden a change in its morals as the Hebrides. Security and civility possess every part; yet sixty years have not elapsed since the whole was a den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind. They conducted their plundering excursions with the utmost policy, and reduced the whole art of theft into a regular system. From habit it lost all the appearance of criminality: they considered it as labouring in their vocation; and when a party was formed for any expedition against their neighbour's property, they and their friends prayed as earnestly to heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design.

The constant petition, at grace, of the old Highland chieftains, was delivered with great fervour, in these terms: "Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it." The plain English of this pious request was, that the world might become for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion.

They paid a sacred regard to their oath; but as superstition must, among a set of banditti, must

infallibly supersede piety, each, like the distinct casts of Indians, had his particular object of veneration: one would swear upon his dirk, and dread the penalty of perjury, yet make no scruple of forswearing himself upon the bible: a second would pay the same respect to the name of his chieftain: a third, again, would be most religiously bound by the sacred book; and a fourth regard none of the three, and be credited only if he swore by his crucifix. It was always necessary to discover the inclination of the person before you put him to the test; if the object of his veneration was mistaken, the other was of no signification.

The greatest robbers were used to preserve hospitality to those that came to their houses; and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those who placed implicit confidence in them. The Kennedies, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew that an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support; and, to supply him with linen, they once surprised the baggage-horses of one of our general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after one of these poor fellows, who had virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings.

The greatest crime among these felons was that of infidelity among themselves; the criminal underwent a summary trial, and, if convicted, never missed of a capital punishment. The chieftain had his officers, and different departments of government; he had his judge, to whom he intrusted the decision of all civil disputes; but in criminal causes the chief, assisted perhaps by some favourites, always undertook the process.

The principal men of his family, or his officers, formed his council, where every thing was debated respecting their expeditions. Eloquence was held in great esteem among them; for by that they could sometimes work on their chieftain to change his opinion: for, notwithstanding he kept the form of a council, he always reserved the decisive vote to himself.

When one man had a claim on another, but wanted power to make it good it was held lawful for him to steal from his debtor as many cattle as would satisfy his demand, provided he sent notice, as soon as he got out of reach of pursuit, that he had them, and would return them provided satisfaction was made on a certain day agreed on.

When a *creach*, great expedition, had been made against distant herds, the owners, as soon as the discovery was made, rose in arms, and, with all their friends, made instant pursuit, tracing the cattle by their track, for perhaps scores of miles. Their nicety in distinguishing that of their cattle from those that were only casually wandering or driven, was amazingly sagacious. As soon as they were arrived on an estate where the track was lost, they immediately attacked the proprietor, and would oblige him to recover the track from his land forwards, or to make good the loss they had sustained. This custom had the force of law, which gave

to the Highlanders this surprising skill in the art of tracking.

It has been observed before, that to steal, rob, and plunder with dexterity, was esteemed as the highest act of heroism. The feuds between the great families was one great cause. There was not a chieftain but kept, in some remote valley, in the depth of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves in readiness to let loose against his neighbours, when, from some public or private reason, he did not judge it expedient to resent openly any real or imaginary affront. — From this motive the greater chieftain-robbers always supported the lesser, and encouraged no sort of improvement on their estates but what promoted rapine.

The greatest of the heroes in the last century was Sir E****n C****n. He long resisted the power of Cromwell, but at length was forced to submit. He lived in the neighbourhood of the garrison fixed by the usurper at Inverlochy. His vassals persisted in their thefts till Cromwell sent orders to the commanding officer, that, on the next robbery, he should seize on the chieftain, and execute him within twenty-four hours, in case the thief was not delivered up to justice. An act of rapine soon happened. Sir E****n received the message, who, instead of giving himself the trouble of looking out for the offender, laid hold of the first fellow he met with, and sent him bound to Inverlochy, where he was immediately hanged. Cromwell, by this severity, put a stop to these excesses, till the time of the restoration, when they were renewed with redoubled violence till the year 1745.

Rob Roy Macgregor was another distinguished hero in the latter end of the last and the beginning of the present century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science, and establishing the police above mentioned. The duke of Montrose, unfortunately, was his neighbour. Rob Roy frequently saved his grace the trouble of collecting his rents, by extorting them from the tenants, and, at the same time, giving them formal discharges. But it was neither in the power of the duke, nor any of the gentlemen he plundered, to bring him to justice; so strongly was he protected by several great men to whom he was useful. Roy had his good qualities: he spent his money generously; and, strange to say, was a true friend to the widow and the orphan.

The last of any eminence was the celebrated Barrisdale, who carried these arts to the highest pitch of perfection. Besides exalting all the common practices, he improved that article of commerce called the *black meal* to a degree beyond what was ever known to his predecessors. — This was a forced levy called from its being commonly paid in meal, which was raised far and wide on the estate of every nobleman and gentleman, in order that their cattle might be secured from the lesser thieves, whom he secretly presided over and protected. He raised an income of five hundred a year by these taxes, and behaved with genuine honour in restoring, on proper consideration, the stolen cattle of his friends. — In this he bore some resemblance to Jonathan Wild; but differed in observing a strict fidelity to his own gang: yet was he indefatigable in bringing to justice any rogues that interfered with his own. He was a man of

polished behaviour, fine address, and fine person. He considered himself in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public, and preserver of general tranquillity.

ACCOUNT of the HETZE, or COMBATS of WILD BEASTS, as exhibited at BUDA, the Capital of HUNGARY.

[From Townson's Travels in Hungary, lately published.]

ON Sundays and great festivals, the public is entertained here, as at Vienna, with the *Hetze*. The proprietors have two very fine wild bulls. The day I was a spectator of this polite and humane amusement, one was turned out on the arena, and at the same time an Hungarian ox: attacked the former, but was immediately thrown down; but our English bulls would have disputed the ground with him to greater advantage: an Hungarian ox and a *Bos ferus* are very unequally matched. Then came a *Raube Bear*; this is a beast that had been kept without food for several days, and rendered savage by hunger. On another bear being let out, a battle ensued; the latter was so much inferior in size that the contest did not last long: the *Raube Bear* kept the other, which seemed no ways ferocious, down with his paws, and the throat, and then carried him into his den. The great disparity in size and strength rendered this a most disagreeable sight. The white Greenland bear afforded more entertainment. In the middle of the arena, there was a small pool of water, with a buck in it. As soon as the bear came to the edge of the pool, the buck laid itself flat and motionless on the surface of the water. The bear leaped in, the buck dived, and the bear dived after it; but the buck escaped, through its superior diving. The next piece was a bold attempt of one of the keepers to wrestle with an ox. As soon as the keeper came upon the arena, the ox ran at him. The man, who was not above the middle size, seized his antagonist by the horns, who pushed him, indeed, from one side of the arena to the other, but could not toss him. After the battle had lasted some time, and the ox had got the keeper near the side of the arena and might have hurt him, some assistants came out, disengaged him from the wall, and gave him his dagger, which he immediately struck between the cervical vertebrae of his antagonist, which instantly fell lifeless to the ground; but small convulsive motions continued for a minute or two. In this manner the oxen are killed by the butchers at Gibraltar, who, I am told, have learned it from their African neighbours. Might not the magistrates of towns recommend this method to their butchers, and, if found better than the usual manner of knocking them down, even compel them to adopt it? Every means of diminishing the sufferings of the brute creation should be recommended, not only from humanity towards them, but the sake of our own society. Men accustomed to be cruel towards animals, will require but a small inducement to be so to their own species. A lion came next upon the stage and one with all his native majesty: conscious of his strength, he looked undauntedly about, to see if he had any opponent; but he was brought out only for show. From the

hole in the upper part of the gate of the arena, a handkerchief was put out, and instantly drawn back: he flew at this in an instant. Some other animals were turned out, and were glad to get into their dens again. One of the keepers showed us his address in spearing a wild boar, which ran at him as soon as he came on the arena.

COUNT CZEREMENTOFF;

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.

MANY writers who delight to indulge in paradox, have advanced, that politeness, which we are used to consider as a social quality, is a sign of depravation. They inquire what are our improvements in morals, since we have laboured so earnestly and so successfully to divest ourselves of the rudeness of our ancestors. What, for example, say they, has Russia really gained by exchanging its primitive barbarity for the pretended advantages of civilisation? Was Peter, who has been styled the Great, in reality that benefactor to his country, which he has been imagined? Have we well considered the question? The following anecdote may perhaps elucidate it as well as a long discussion.

Count Czerementoff, a Russian nobleman, seemed to have declared in favour of those who think it necessary that a nation should preserve, with a kind of superstitious veneration, all its ancient customs and manners. He appealed to the authority of a great example. The Chinese appear still to retain both the dress and language of their ancient empire. The count was of one of the most illustrious families of Russia, and one of those fanatic patriots who were enthusiastically attached to their ancient rude and uncouth dress and manners. He resided at Moscow, where he enjoyed an immense fortune, possessing an extensive estate, on which above a hundred thousand serfs, or slaves, laboured for his profit. Notwithstanding his high birth, he never appeared at court, which he considered as the centre of that pestilential corruption (the name he gave to the reformatations and improvements of the czar Peter), which had extended over the whole country; and, as he asserted, degraded and enervated it in a manner which must terminate in its utter ruin. Pertinaciously attached to all the modes of his ancestors, the count would sooner have submitted to lose his head than his beard, which he wore long and thick: in fine, he piqued himself on a strict resemblance to his ancient countrymen, such as they were before the reign of their celebrated legislator. It is true that if this nobleman retained their unpolished manners and fashions, he likewise possessed their simplicity, their loyalty, and their antique virtues. He gloried in having no debts, in exercising beneficence, in being the protector and father of his vassals, in punctually fulfilling his promise, and in adhering to all the rites of the religion of his ancestors. Were the subject of nobility mentioned, he would lay his hand on his heart and on his sword:—"From these (he would say) I derive my title. True nobility can only belong to him whose heart loves and practises virtue, and whose sword is ever ready for the defence of his country. I wish to prove that I am the true descendant of my ancestors, by inheriting their courage and sincerity. Riches and nobili-

ty confer on their possessors an indispensable obligation to diffuse benefits and happiness." These doctrines the count not only preached but practised.

It happened that one of the serfs, or slaves, on his estate, who had acquired property by unceasing industry, came to him to solicit his liberty, and tendered his master fifty thousand rubles for his emancipation. He observed that the count seemed to hesitate, and increased his offer to a hundred thousand.

"Liberty (says the count) certainly appears to you a most valuable good: yet have I never fought to make you feel you were my slave."

"Your treatment, my lord, (could any thing do it) would make me forget my condition; and my gratitude shall be eternal. Yet am I not free; and now that I have acquired some property, liberty is become the object of all my wishes, as it appears to me the most valuable of all things. Grant me liberty, my lord, and you bestow on me happiness."

"Well, (said the count) return to morrow; and see you bring the money; let not a copeck be wanting."

The serf hastened the next day to bring the count the money. The hundred thousand rubles were laid on the table, and counted over with the most scrupulous exactness.—The count then signed the necessary instrument; and, giving it to him "There (said he) is your money."

"How, my lord! (said the vassal, motionless with surprise) do you not think the sum sufficient?"

"Fully sufficient (replied the count); but I wish only to receive the sentiments of gratitude from so generous a heart. Believe me, you do not feel more delight in receiving your liberty, than I in bestowing it on one I am convinced so well deserves it."

The Dessert.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

FOR THE DESSERT.

A FRAGMENT.

A SIGH burst forth, indicating unutterable distress; I directed my eyes from whence it came, and beheld an old man, whose hoary head, and yet more venerable beard, was leaning on a staff, bent with decrepited age:—the demonstrative language of his countenance declared happier days past, and forever gone:—he saluted me with a tremulous, tho' majestic voice, inviting me to come near; I advanced with a reverential respect due to superior Beings, and demanded what misfortune had bro't him hither, when he related the following interesting, though mournful circumstance.—"I am of high birth, once lived in the sunshine of prosperity, and was at the zenith of sublunary bliss;—but, Oh, what a sad reverse! an ill-fated hour reduced me to what I now am—Curiosity prompted me to sail with my wife and three daughters, the joy of my soul and source of happiness, from Spain for the Indies; when on our passage and near the de-

stined port, a tremendous storm arose, which violently convulsed the seas, the elements seemed to have conspired, and nature going to wreck,—our ship could not sustain the dreadful charge, but foundered and parted; then was the soul of my soul swallowed in the abyss of the deep; then was I wafted by a part of the wreck to this solitary island; then came I to this dreary abode, spending my days in mournful solitude, so doomed by the insulting and indignant will of the Fates."

A continuation of the "Two Castles," is unavoidably postponed to a future Dessert.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

A FINE WOMAN for sale—who buys—One of the best of Women—*She will do you good and not evil all the days of her life—She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; Bid my dear friends, if you would make a fortune, bid now; bid or she is gone; and you shall not look upon her like again—Solomon, that Auctioneer of old, who bought and sold so many women, says—"her price is far above rubies"—will you not bid? why do you despise her cloathing because it is the work of her own hands; alas, my friends! you do not know the value of her.—hand her back—I will keep her for myself.—Here, my friends, is an article which will suit, A lady, a fine lady—make us a bid—"One hundred dollars." 100 dollars once—"two hundred dollars." "three hundred dollars." 300 dollars once—twice, bid or she is gone—a fine article, her lips drop as an honey comb, her mouth is sweeter than oil—"five hundred dollars." 500 dollars once now is your time, hear her talk—I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, and with fine linen. O what a glorious, creature, a fine piece of goods this Come she says, let us take our fill of love until the morning.*

"A thousand dollars"—1000 dollars once, twice, I shall cry her no more—gone—you have got her. *But her end is bitter as worm-wood—her feet go down to death, and her steps take hold of hell.*

ANECDOTE.

Historians relate, that an old woman at Rome gave the tyrant Nero her blessing, and wished him a long reign. This surprised a man who was conscious of his having well deserved the public odium, and he enquired into her reason for such extraordinary benevolence. Why, said she, your predecessors have been each worse than the other, and you are so much worse than all of them put together, that common prudence renders me anxious for your life, lest the Devil himself should succeed you in the empire.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

O'ER the sad tomb where Sophocles is laid
Shed, gentle ivy, shed thy pious shade:
Mid clust'ring vines, that solemn branches wave,
Ye roses! deck with hallow'd flow'rs his grave:
For when your bard, with sacred rapture fir'd,
To all the magic pow'rs of song aspir'd,
Around him oft the list'ning Muses smil'd,
And the glad graces hail'd their darling child.



THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

A FRAGMENT.

IT is the Fun'ral March. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds.
Hark! from the blacken'd fymbal that dead tone!
It awes the very rabble multitude;
They follow silently—their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death, that with such force
Arrests the scene: the mute and mourning train,
The white plumes nodding o'er the fable hearse,
Had pass'd unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd
sounds,
This universal language to the heart
Speaks instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away—how soon!—and these who
here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will, in their revelry,
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of
life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place—no dear delights of home,
Belike who never saw his children's face—
Whose children knew no father—he is gone,
Dropt from existence, like the wither'd leaf,
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him—and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: When first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed,
Clay in the potter's hand. One favor'd mind,
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature; and more favor'd still,
Shed happiness around him—whilst his fellow,
Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
Must, as th' unreasonable beast, drag on
A life of labor, like this Soldier here,
His wond'rous faculties bestow'd in vain;
Be moulded by his fate, till he becomes
A mere machine ———.

CRAZY JANE.

The following Lines were written in consequence of a lady having, in her walks during a residence in Scotland, met with a poor Woman, known by the above appellation, at whose appearance the Lady was much alarmed:

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

Why, fair Maid, in every feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?

Can a wandering wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my phrenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet—thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I bar thee!
Shun not, then, poor *Crazy Jane*
Dost thou weep to see my an'ish?
Mark me! and avoid my woe!
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
I think them false—I found them so.
For I lov'd—oh so sincerely,
None could ever love again!
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of *Crazy Jane*.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,
He was false—and I undone.
From that hour has Reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
HENRY fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of *Crazy Jane*.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with phrenzied thoughts beset
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain;
Whilst each passer-by in pity,
Cries—God help thee, *Crazy Jane*!

SONNET,

ON THE RAINBOW.

Hail! sportive rainbow, deck'd in various hues,
Of solar beams, and show'rs, aerial bred!
Thy glowing beauties oft the stripling views,
And hastes to grasp, with hopes illusive fed.
Elate he springs along the flow'ry meads;
With beating heart his fancy'd prize surveys;
Mocking his toil, thy transient form recedes,
And disappointment on his bosom preys.
Emblem how striking of terrestrial bliss!
And man, intent that fleeting bliss to gain,
Who fondly deems the flattering phantom his,
Till late experience proves his wishes vain!
Still as the stripling moves the Iris flies;
As life advances worldly pleasure dies.

SONNET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DESPORTES.

I UNDERSTAND you well, those words that
flow
Affectionately sweet, those tender sighs,
I comprehend the languish of your eyes,
'Tis at my ducats that they ogle.
When I count up the number of my years,
They shew me, like *TITHENUS*, weak and old,
The grave already open I behold—
You listen and complain of heav'n in tears.
The Painter was a fool, whose fancy traced
A child for Cupid, in his hand who placed
A bow, and on his back the quiver bound.
He should have dress'd him out in golden lace,
A purse have painted in his quiver's place,
And made him show'ring gold and jewels
round.

THE MEDLEY!

“Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supporters. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

“'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?”

DR. GOLDSMITH,

was not in general esteemed a man of much vigor or spring of mind in conversation. He had, however, a wonderful felicity of application of passages from the Classics to things or persons before him. Goldsmith had taken a strange dislike to the person of Capt. —, whom he thought a man of great ferocity of behaviour; when, however, he was told, that this was a mistake, and that he was besides a man of letters and a scholar, he replied, “Then I am sure I was wrong; for you know,

“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

That a man who had apparently such a vacuity of mind, and such penury of intellect in company, should still be able to catch so well “the manners living as they rise” as he did, and display them with such exquisite humour and acuteness of observation as a writer, would appear very extraordinary, did we not know what contrarieties meet very often in the same person, and how deficient and how excellent the same person is in different things. Marshal Turenne could never learn to salute at the head of his regiment; and the great Lord Chatham's epistolary correspondence was bombastical and confused.

DAVID HUME

appears to have been consistent with himself to the very last moment of his life;

“Such in those moments as in all the “past.”
In the letter that he wrote two or three days before his death he appears very anxious about some corrections to his “History of England.” A very sensible man, a friend of his, in answer to this letter, wrote to him to ask him, whether then, on the verge of the grave, he thought on some subjects of great importance as he had been used to do. David Hume died before the letter reached him.